

THE

3

HEPHERD's WEEK.

IN SIX

PASTORALS.

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By Mr. J. GAY.

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*Libeat mihi sordida rura,  
humiles habitare Casas.* Virg.

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DUBLIN:

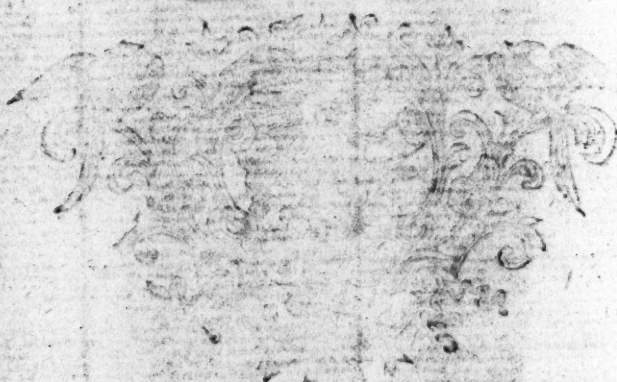
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# P R O L O G U E

To the Right Honourable the

L<sup>d</sup>. Visc. *Bolingbroke*.



O, I who erst beneath a tree,  
Sung *Bumpkinet* and *Rowzybee*,  
And *Blouzelind* and *Marian* bright,  
In apron blue or apron white,  
Now write my sonnets in a Book,  
For my good lord *Bolingbroke*.

As lads and lasses flood around  
To hear my boxen haut-boy sound,  
Our clerk came posting o'er the green  
With doleful tidings of the Queen;  
That Queen, he said, to whom we owe  
Sweet peace that maketh riches flow;  
That Queen who eas'd our tax of late,  
Was dead, alas! — and lay in state.

At this, in tears was *Cic'ly* seen,  
*Buxoma* tore her pinnets clean,  
 In doleful dumps stood ev'ry clown,  
 The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death  
 Had snatch'd *Queen Anne* to *Elizabeth*,  
 I broke my reed, and sighing swore  
 I'd weep for *Blouzelind* no more.  
 While thus we stood as in a stound,  
 And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,  
 Full soon by bonfire and by bell  
 We learnt our liege was passing well.  
 A skilful leach, (so God him speed)  
 They said had wrought this blessed deed.  
 This leach *Arburthnot* was yclept,  
 Who many a night not once had slept;  
 But watch'd our gracious sov'reign still:  
 For who could rest when she was ill?  
 Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep.  
 Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep  
 To swell his couch; for well I ween,  
 He sav'd the realm who sav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, please God, I'll hye with glee  
 To court, this *Arburthnot* to see.  
 I sold my sheep and lambkins too,  
 For silver loops and garment blue;  
 My boxen haut-boy sweet of sound,  
 For lace that edg'd mine hat around;  
 For Lightfoot and my scrip I got  
 A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,  
 Of soldiers drum withouten dread;  
 For peace allays the shepherd's fear  
 Of wearing cap of granadier.

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# P R O L O G U E.

There saw I ladies all a-row  
Before their Queen in seemly shew.  
No more I'll sing *Buxoma* brown,  
Like goldfinch in her *Sunday* gown;  
Nor *Clumfilis*, nor *Marian* bright,  
Nor damsel that *Hobnelia* hight.  
But *Lansdown* fresh as flow'r of *May*,  
And *Berkely* lady blithe and gay,  
And *Anglesey* whose speech exceeds  
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;  
And blooming *Hyde*, with eyes so rare,  
And *Montague* beyond compare.  
Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint  
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen  
In ribbon blue and ribbon green.  
As *Oxford*, who a wand doth bear,  
Like *Moses*, in our bibles fair;  
Who for our traffick forms designs,  
And gives to *Britain*, *Indian* mines.  
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,  
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare,  
Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,  
And bid broad cloths and serges grow,  
For trading free shall thrive again,  
Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

There saw I *St. John*, sweet of mein,  
Full stedfast both to Church and Queen;  
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain.  
*St. John*, right courteous to the swain.

For thus he told me on a day,  
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle *Gay*,  
And certes, mirth it were to see  
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,

With

# PROLOGUE.

With preface meet, and notes profound,  
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.  
All suddenly then home I sped,  
And did ev'n as my lord had said.

Lo here, thou hast mine eclogues fair,  
But let not these detain thine ear.  
Let not th' affairs of States and Kings  
Wait while our *Bowzybeus* sings.  
Rather than verse of simple swain  
Should stay the trade of *France* or *Spain*,  
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,  
Yon Emperor's packets be delay'd;  
In sooth, I swear by holy *Paul*,  
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

April, 1714.





# MONDAY; OR, THE QUABBLE.

*Lobbin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole.*

LOBBIN CLOUT.



HY younglings, *Cuddy*, are but just  
awake;

No thrushes shrill the bramble-bush  
forsake,

No chirping lark the welkin sheen  
invokes;

No damsel yet the swelling udder  
strokes;

yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,  
why does *Cuddy* leave his cott so rear?

5

3. *Welkin* the same as *Welken*, an old Saxon word,  
signifying a cloud, by poetical licence it is fre-  
quently taken for the element or sky, as may  
appear by this verse in the dream of Chaucer,  
Ne in all the *Welkin* was no cloud.

or shine, an old word for shining or bright.

scant, used in ancient British authors, for scarce.

Rear, an expression in several counties of England for  
early in the morning.

GUDDY

# 8 FIRST PASTORAL.

C U D D Y.

A *Lobbin Clout* ! I ween, my plight is guest,  
For he that loves a stranger is to rest ;  
If swains belie not, thou hast prov'd the smart,  
And *Blouzelinda*'s mistress of thy heart. 10  
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,  
Those arms are folded for thy *Blouzelind* ;  
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,  
Thee *Blouzelinda* smites, *Buxoma* me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah *Blouzelind* ! I love thee more by half, 15  
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf :  
Woe worth the tongue ! may blisters fore it gall,  
That names *Buxoma*, *Blouzelind* withal.

C U D D Y.

Hold, witless *Lobbin Clout*, I thee advise,  
Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise. 20  
Lo yonder *Cloddipole*, the blithsome swain,  
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain.  
From *Cloddipole* we learnt to read the skies,  
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.  
He taught us erst the heifers tail to view, 25  
When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue ;  
He first that useful secret did explain,  
That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.  
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,  
He told us that the welkin wou'd be clear. 30  
Let *Cloddipole* then hear us twain rehearse,  
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse,  
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,  
That *Cloddipole* shall give the prize to me.

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Line 7. To ween, deriv'd from the Saxon, to think or conceive.

Line 25. Erst, a contraction of ere this, it signifies sometime ago or formerly.

LOBBIN



# The SQUABBLE.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco pouch that's lin'd with hair, 35  
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow deer.  
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,  
I'll wager that the prize shall be my due.

## C U D D Y.

Begin thy carrols then, thou vaunting slouch, 40  
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

My *Blouzelinda* is the blitheſt laſs,  
Than primroſe ſweeter, or the clover-graſs.  
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,  
Fair is the daiſie that beſide her grows,  
Fair is the gillyflow'r, of gardens ſweet, 45  
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet;  
But *Blouzelind*'s than gillyflow'r more fair,  
Than daiſie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

## C U D D Y.

My brown *Buxoma* is the feateſt maid,  
That e'er at wake delightſome gambol play'd; 50  
Clean as young lambkins or the goole's down,  
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.  
The witteſs lamb may ſport upon the plain,  
The friſking kid delight the gaping ſwain,  
The wanton calf may ſkip with many a bound, 55  
And my cur *Tray* play deſteſt feats around;  
But neither lamb nor kid, nor calf nor *Tray*,  
Dance like *Buxoma* on the firſt of May.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when *Blouzelind* is near,  
If her bereft 'tis winter all the Year. 60  
With her no ſultry ſummer's heat I know;  
In winter, when ſhe's nigh, with love I glow.  
Come *Blouzelinda*, eaſe thy ſwain's deſire,  
By ſummer's ſhadow and my winter's fire!

line 56. Deft, an old word ſignifying brisk or nimble.

B

C U D D Y

## FIRST PASTORAL.

## C U D D Y.

As with *Buxoma* once I work'd at hay,  
 Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;  
 And holidays, if haply she were gone,  
 Like worky-days I wish'd wou'd soon be done.  
 Eftsoons, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,  
 And all the year shall then be holiday.

## L O B B I N C L O U T.

As *Blouzelinda* in a gamesome mood,  
 Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,  
 I flyly ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,  
 She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.  
 Believe me, *Cuddy*, while I'm bold to say,  
 Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

## C U D D Y.

As my *Buxoma* in a morning fair,  
 With gentle finger stroak'd her milky care,  
 I queintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true  
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.  
*Lobbin*, I swear, believe who will my vows,  
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

Line 69. *Eftsoons*, from *est* an ancient British word, signifying soon. So that *estsoons* is a doubling of the word *soon*, which is, as it were to say twice soon, or very soon.

Line 79. *Queint* has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his miller's tale. As clerkes been full subtil and queint (by which he means arch or waggiſh) and not in that obscure sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

L O B B I

# The SQUABBLE.

II

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the *Welch*, to *Dutchmen* butter's dear,  
Of *Irish* swains potatoe is the chear;  
Oats for their feasts the *Scottish* shepherds grind, 85  
Sweet turnips are the food of *Blouzelind*.  
While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,  
For leeks nor oatmeal nor potatoe prize.

## C U D D Y.

70 A good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,  
The capon fat delights his dainty wife, 90  
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,  
But white-pot thick is my *Buxoma*'s fare.  
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,  
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

75 As once I play'd at blindmand's-buff, it hapt 95  
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt:  
Mifs'd the Swains, and seiz'd on *Blouzelind*;  
True speaks that ancient proverb, Love is blind.

## C U D D Y.

As at hot-cockles once I laid me down,  
80 I felt the weighty hand of many a clown, 100  
*Buxoma* gave a gentle tap, and I  
Nodded, and read soft mischief in her eye.

## LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,  
Now high, now low my *Blouzelinda* swung.  
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose, 105  
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.

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*Populus Alcida gratissima, vitis Iaccho,  
Formosa Myrtus Veneri, sua Laurea Phæbo.  
Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,  
Nec Myrtus vincit Corylos nec Laureæ Phæbi, &c.*  
Virg.

B I B 2

C U D D Y.

## FIRST PASTORAL.

C U D D Y.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,  
 And my self pois'd against the tott'ring maid;  
 High leapt the plank; adown *Bunoma* fell:  
 I spy'd — But faithful sweethearts never tell.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

This riddle, *Cuddy*, if thou can'st, explain,  
 This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain.  
 † What flower is that which bears the virgin's name,  
 The richest metal joined with the same?

C U D D Y.

Answer, thou carl, and judge this riddle right,  
 I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.  
 \* What flow'r is that which royal honour craves,  
 Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves.

G L O D D I P O L E.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains,  
 An oaken staff each merits for his pains.  
 But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,  
 And gild the thatch of goodman *Hodges'* barn.  
 Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,  
 They're weary of your song's — and so am I.

Line 117. *Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum  
 Nascantur flores.*

† *Marygold.* \* *Rosemary.*

Line 120. *Et vitula tu dignus & hic.*







T U E S D A Y;

O R T H E

D I T T Y.

M A R I A N.



Y O U N G Colin Clout, a lad of peerless  
meed,

Full well could dance, and deftly tune  
the reed:

In ev'ry wood his carrols sweet were  
known,

At every wake his nimble feats were shown.

When in the ring the rustick louts he threw,

The damsels pleasures with his conquests grew;

Or when assant the cudgel threats his head,

His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid;

But chief of *Marian*. *Marian* lov'd the swain,

The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.

*Marian* that soft could stroak the udder'd cow,

Or lessen with her sieve the barley mow;

Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,

And yellow butter *Marian's* skill confess'd;

But *Marian* now devoid of country cares,

For yellow butter nor sage cheese prepares;

51  
For

14 SECOND PASTORAL.

For yearning love the witless maid employs,  
And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.

*Colin* makes mock at all her piteous smart,

A lass that *Cic'ly* hight, had won his heart;

*Cic'ly* the western lass that tends the kee,

The rival of the parson's maid was she.

In dreary shade now *Marian* lies along,

And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song.

Ah woful day! ah woful noon and morn!

When first by thee my younglings white were shorn;

Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,

My sheep were silly, but more silly I:

Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,

They lost but fleeces while I lost a heart.

Ah *Colin*! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true!

What I have done for thee will *Cic'ly* do?

Will she thy linnen wash or hosen darn,

And knit thee gloves made of her own-spun yarn?

Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,

And ev'ry *Sunday* morn thy neckcloth plait?

Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,

In service-time drew *Cic'ly*'s eyes aside.

Where-e'er I gad I cannot hide my care,

My new disasters in my look appear.

White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,

So thin my features that I'm hardly known;

Our neighbours tell me oft in joking talk

Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran and chalk;

Unwittingly of *Marian* they divine;

And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.

Yet *Colin Clout*, untoward Shepherd Swain,

Walks whistling blithe, whilst pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas *Marian*'s dear delight

To moil all day, and merry make at night.

---

Line 21. *Kee*, a west-country word for kine or cows.

# The DITTY.

15

If in the soil you guide the crooked share,  
 Your early breakfast is my constant care.  
 And when with even hand you srow the grain,  
 I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.  
 In missing days when I my thresher heard, 55  
 With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd ;  
 Lost in the musick of the whirling flail,  
 To gaze on thee I left the smoaking pail :  
 In harvest when the sun was mounted high,  
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply ; 60  
 When-e'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,  
 And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake :  
 When in the welkin gath'ring show'rs were seen,  
 I lagg'd the last with *Colin* on the green ;  
 And when at eve returning with thy carr, 65  
 I waiting heard the gingling bells from far,  
 I trait on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,  
 To warm thy broth, I burnt my hands for haste :  
 When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,  
 I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf, 70  
 With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.  
 Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less !  
 Last *Friday's* eve, when as the sun was set,  
 Near yon stile, three fallow *Gypsies* met :  
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look, 75  
 And me beware, and thrice their heads they shook ;  
 They said that many crosses I must prove,  
 None in my worldly gain, but most in love.  
 Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock, 80  
 And off the hedge two pinders and a smock.  
 More those losses with a christian mind,  
 And no mishaps could feel, whilst thou wert kind ;  
 But since, alas ! I grew my *Colin's* scorn,  
 I know no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.  
 Help me, ye *Gypsies*, bring him home again, 85  
 And to a constant las give back her swain.  
 Have I not sat with thee full many a night,  
 When dying embers were our only light,

Whne

16 SECOND PASTORAL.

When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lye,  
Beside our cat, my *Colin Clout*, and I?  
No troublous thoughts the cat or *Colin* move,  
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, *Colin*, when at last year's wake,  
I bought the costly present for thy sake:  
Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,  
And with another change thy state of life?

If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,  
My memory can tell the verse so sweet.

As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,  
So is thy image on this heart of mine.

But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,  
For knives, they tell me, always sever love.

Thus *Marian* wail'd, her eye with tears brimsful,  
When goody *Dobbins* brought her cow to bull.  
With a apron blue to dry her tears she sought,  
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a great.





WEDNESDAY;

OR THE

\* DUMPS.

SPARABELLA.



HE wailings of a maiden I recite,  
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.  
Such strains ne'er warble in the  
linnets throat,  
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so  
sweet a note,  
No magpye chatter'd; nor the pain-  
ted jay,

No Ox was heard to low; nor Ass to bray.

No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,

While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the  
follies. Some have pretended that it is derived  
from Dumops a king of Egypt, that built a pyra-  
mid and dy'd of melancholy. So Mopes after the  
same manner, is thought to have come from Merops  
another Egyptian king, that dy'd of the same di-  
stemper; but our English antiquaries have conjec-  
tur'd, that dumps, which is, a grievous heaviness of  
spirits, comes from the word dumplin, the heaviest  
kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much  
used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

L. 5. Immemor Herbarum quos est mirata juventa  
Certantes quorum stupefacta carmine Lynces;  
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.

Virg.

A while

C

18      **THIRD PASTORAL.**

A while, O D'Urfy, lend an ear or twain,  
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain;  
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,  
Whether thy muse does at Newmarket run,  
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,  
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,  
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,  
Where Durfy's lyricks swell in every voice;  
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,  
Amid thy bays to wave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,  
And oxen laid at rest forget the goad,  
The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade  
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;  
When Sparabella pensive and forlorn,  
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,  
Lean'd on her rake, and strait with doleful guise  
Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,  
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;  
The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,  
Last Sunday happier Clumfili's put on.  
Sure, if he'd eyes (but love, they say, has none)  
I whilome by that ribbon had been known.

---

Line 9. *Tu mihi seu magni superas jam saxa Timari.  
Sive oram Illyrici legis aquoris*

11. An opera written by this author, called the World  
in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds; he is also fa-  
mous for his song on the New-market horse-race,  
and several others that are sung by the British  
swains.

17. Meed, an old word for fame or renown.

18. ——— *Hanc sine tempora circum  
Inter viatrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.*

25. *Incumbens tereti Damon sic caput Oliva.*

Ah,

Ah, well-a-day ! I'm shent with baneful smart,  
 For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.  
 My plaint, ye lassies, with this burthen aid, 35  
 Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.  
 Shall heavy *Clumfilis* with me compare !  
 View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.  
 Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,  
 And in her breath tobacco whiffs are born ; 40  
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,  
 Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn ;  
 Se'er she brew'd, the drink wou'd strait go sour,  
 Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r :  
 To houswifery the dowdy creature knew ; 45  
 To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.  
 My plaint, ye lassies, with this burthen aid,  
 Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.  
 I've often seen my visage in yon lake,  
 For are my features of the homeliest make. 50  
 Though *Clumfilis* may boast a whiter dye,  
 Yet the black shoe turns in my rolling eye ;  
 And fairest blossoms drop with ev'ry blast,  
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.  
 Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek, 55  
 While Katharine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.  
 Yet she, alas ! the wittlefs lout hath won,  
 And by her gain, poor *Sparabell's* undone !

---

line 33 *Shent*, an old word, signifying hurt or harmed.

37 *Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus Amantes ?*

Virg.

49 *Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in Littore vidi.*

Virg.

53 *Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.*

Virg.

Let

Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,  
 The clocking hen make friendship with the kite,  
 Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,  
 And join in wedlock with the wadling goose ;  
 For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,  
 The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,  
 And speckled mackrels graze the meadows fair,  
 Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,  
 And the slow as on trees, like squirrels, play,  
 Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,  
 Then I forget my shepherd's wonted love !

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ah ! didst thou know what profers I withstood,  
 When late I met the squire in yonder wood !  
 To me he sped, regardless of his game,  
 While all my cheek was glowing red with shame ;  
 My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,  
 Then from his purse of silk a guinea took,  
 Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,  
 While I with modest struggling broke his hold.  
 He swore that *Dick* in liv'ry strip'd with lace,  
 Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace ;  
 But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,  
 For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee ?

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Line 59 *Jungentur jam Gryphes equis ; evoque sequenti  
 Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula Dama.* Virg

67 *Ante leves ergo pascentur in athere Gervi  
 Et freta destituent nudos in littore Pisces  
 Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.* Virg



# The DUMPS.

21

Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun.  
 Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,  
 bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,  
 first taught him mischief and to sport with pain.  
 The father only silly sheep annoys,  
 the son, the sillier shepherdes destroys.  
 Does son or father greater mischief do?  
 The fire is cruel, so the son is too.  
 My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,  
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.  
 Farewel, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow;  
 Sudden death shall rid me of my woe,  
 This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.  
 That, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd?  
 To some Tree this carcase I'll suspend  
 That worrying curs find such untimely end!  
 I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool  
 The long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,  
 That stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding Quean  
 Yet, sure a lover should not dye so mean!

90

95

100

105

Virg.

99. ————— vivite Sylva.  
 Princeps aerii specula de montis in undas  
 Deferar.

Virg.

There

ne 89. To Ken, scire Chaucero, to ken; and kende  
 notus. A. S. cunnan. Goth. kunnan. Germanis  
 kennen. Danis kiende. Islandis kunna. Belgis  
 kennen. This word is of general use, but not  
 very common, though not unknown to the vul-  
 gar. Ken for prospicere is well known, and  
 used to discover by the eye. Ray. F. R. S.  
 Nunc scio quid sit Amor, &c.  
 Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?  
 Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.

quent  
Virg

Virg

Now

There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,  
 Though all the parish say I've lost my wits;  
 And thence, if courage holds, my self I'll throw,  
 And quench my passion in the lake below.

Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,  
 And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.

The sun was set; the night came on apace,  
 And falling dews bewet around the place,  
 The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,  
 And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings;  
 The prudent maiden deems it now too late,  
 And 'til to morrow comes, defers her fate.



THURSDAY



THURSDAY;

OR, THE

SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

**H**OBNELIA seated in a dreary vale,  
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous  
tale,  
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs be-  
moan,  
And pining eccho answers groan for  
groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,  
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!  
When *Lubberkin* to town his cattle drove,  
The maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;  
The maiden fine bedight his love retains.  
And for the village he forsakes the plains: 10

ne 8. *Dight or bedight*, from the Saxon word *dihtan*,  
which signifies to set in order.

Return,

Return, my *Lubberkin*, these ditties hear ;  
 Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.  
 With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing,  
 And call with welcome note the budding spring,  
 I straitway set a running with such haste,  
*Deb'rah* that won the smock scarce ran so fast.  
 'Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary-grown,  
 Upon a rising bank I sat adown,  
 Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,  
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,  
 As like to *Lubberkin's* in curl and hue,  
 As if upon his comely pate it grew.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,  
 But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought,  
 I scatter'd round the seed on ev'ry side,  
 And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,  
 This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,  
 Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.  
 I strait look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,  
 With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last *Valentine*, the day when birds of kind  
 Their paramours with mutual chirpings find ;  
 I nearly rose, just at the break of day,  
 Before the sun had chas'd the stars away ;

---

Line 21. *Doff and don*, contracted from the words *do*  
*and do on*.



field I went, amid the morning dew,  
 To milk my kine ( for so should hufwives do )  
 Thee first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,  
 In spite of fortune shall our true-love be ;  
 Oe, *Lubberkin*, each bird his partner take, 45  
 And can'st thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake ?  
 With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last *May-day* fair I search'd to find a snail,  
 That might my secret lover's name reveal ; 50  
 Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,  
 For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.  
 Seiz'd the vermin, home I quickly sped,  
 And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.  
 Now crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell, 55  
 The soft ashes mark'd a curious L :  
 O, may this wondrous omen lucky prove !  
 For L is found in *Lubberkin* and Love.  
 With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around. 60

Two hazle nuts I threw into the flame,  
 And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name.  
 As with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,  
 That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.  
 Blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow, 65  
 'Twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.  
 With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

e 64.

ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δ' ἀφιδι δ' ἀφ' ἄν

Αἰθ'ω. χ' ἄς αὐτὰ λακίει μέγα καππυρρῶσα:

Theoc.

66. *Daphnis memalus* urit, ego hanc in *Daphnide*

D

A.s

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see  
 One that was closely fill'd with three times three,  
 Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd,  
 And o'er my door the spell in secret laid.  
 My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,  
 While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;  
 The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,  
 But in his proper person ——— *Lubberkin*.  
 I broke my yarn surpriz'd the sight to see,  
 Sure sign that he would break his word with me:  
 Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted flight,  
 So may again his Love with mine unite!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This lady-fly I take from off the grass,  
 Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.  
 Fly, lady-bird, *North, South, or East or West*,  
 Fly where the man is found that I love best.  
 He leaves my hand, see to the *West* he's flown,  
 To call my true love from the faithless town.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This mellow pippin, which I pare around,  
 My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground.  
 I sling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,  
 Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;  
 Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen  
 Than what the paring marks upon the green.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground  
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

---

Line

93. *Transque Caput jace; ne respexeris.*

Virg.

This pippin shall another tryal make,  
See from the core two kernels brown I take; 100

This on my cheek for *Lubberkin* is worn,  
And *Boobyelod* on t'other side is born.

But *Boobyelod* soon drops upon the ground,  
A certain token that his love's unsound,

While *Lubberkin* sticks firmly to the last; 105  
Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As *Lubberkin* once slept beneath a tree,  
twich'd his dangling garter from his knee; 110

He wist not when the hempen string I drew,  
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;

Together fast I tye the garters twain,  
and while I knit the knot repeat this strain,

Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure, 115  
firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
and turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day  
otown, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay. 120

made my market long before 'twas night,  
My purse grew heavy and my basket light.

trait to the pothecary's shop I went,  
and in love-powder all my money spent;

---

ine 109. *Neste tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, Colores*  
*Neste, Amarylli modo; & Veneris dic vincula nesto.*

Virg.

23. *Has Herbas, atque hac Ponto mihi lecta venena,*  
*Ipse dedit Maris.*

Virg.

# 28 FOURTH PASTORAL.

Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,  
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,  
These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,  
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.  
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

But hold — our Light-foot barks, and cocks his ears  
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.  
He comes, he comes, Hobnelia's not bewray'd,  
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.  
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown,  
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

Line 127.

Ποτὸν καὶ ἄνευ οἰσῶ. Theoc

131. *Nescio quid certe est: Et Hylæ in limine latræ*



FRIDAY





F R I D A Y;

OR, THE

\* D I R G E.

BUMKINET. GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.



HY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful  
seem?

There's sorrow in thy look, if right I  
deem.

'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops  
appear,  
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;

Dirge, or Dyrige, a mournful ditty, or song of lamentation over the dead, not a contraction of the Latin Dirige in the popish hymn Dirige Gressus meos, as some pretend; but from the Tutonick Dyrke, Laure, to praise and extol: Whence it is possible their Dyrke and our Dirge, was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead. Cowell's interpretation  
From

# 30 FIFTH PASTORAL.

From the tall elm, a show'r of leaves is born,  
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.  
Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords,  
Now the squeez'd prefs foams with our apple hoards.  
Come, let us hye, and quaff a cheery bowl,  
Let cyder new wash sorrow from thy soul.

GRUBBINOL.

Ah *Bumkinet*! since thou from hence wert gone,  
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;  
Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy chear,  
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hutt repair,  
And with trim sonnets cast away our care.  
*Gillian of Eroydon* well thy pipe can play.  
Thou sing'st most sweet, O'er hills and far away.  
Of *Patient Griffel* I devise to sing,  
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.  
Come, *Grubbinol*, beneath this shelter, come,  
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,  
But with my woe shall distant vallies ring.  
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,  
For woe is me! — our *Blouzelind* is dead.

BUMKINET.

Is *Blouzelinda* dead? farewell my glee!  
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.  
As the wood-pidgeon cooes without his mate,  
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.  
Of *Blouzelinda* fair I mean to tell,  
The peerless maid that did all maids excel

---

Line 15. *Incipe Mopse prior si quos aut Phyllidis igne*  
*Aut Alconis habes Laudes, aut jurgia Codri.*

27. Glee, Joy, from the Dutch, *Glooren*, to recreate  
Henceforth

# The DIRGE.

31

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed;  
 And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;  
 The rolling stream with watry grief shall flow, 35  
 And winds shall moan aloud — when loud they blow.  
 Henceforth, as oft as autum shall return,  
 The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;  
 This season quite shall strip the country's pride,  
 For 'twas in autum *Blouzelinda* dy'd. 40  
 Where-e'er I gad, I *Blouzelind* shall view,  
 Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.  
 When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,  
 Fresh rising sorrows curdles in my blood.  
 Thither I've often been the damsel's guide, 45  
 When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;  
 There, I remember how her faggots large,  
 Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.  
 Sometimes this crook drew hazle boughs adown,  
 And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;  
 Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way, 50  
 Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;  
 Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,  
 And whistled all the way — or told my love.  
 If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55  
 Shall her goodly countenance espie;  
 Or there her goodly countenance I've seen,  
 Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.  
 Sometimes like wax, she rolls her butter round,  
 Or with the wooden lilly prints the pound. 60  
 Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,  
 And press from spongy curds the milky stream.  
 But, now, alas! these ears shall hear no more  
 The whining swine surround the dairy door:  
 No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65  
 No fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.  
 O lament, ye swine, in gruntings spend your grief,  
 For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.  
 When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,  
 Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly, 70  
 The

The poultry there will seem around to stand,  
Waiting upon her charitable hand.

No succour meet the poultry now can find,  
For they, like me, have lost their *Blouzelind*.

Whenever by yon barley mow I pass,  
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.

I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)

Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.

There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,

There the sweet kifs my courtship has explain'd.

Ah *Blouzelind*! that mow I ne'er shall see,

But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,

Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;

Let weeds instead of butter-flow'rs appear,

And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;

For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,

For *Blouzelinda*, blithesome maid, is dead!

Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,

And spell ye right this verse upon her stone.

Here *Blouzelinda* lies ——— alas, alas!

Weep shepherds, ——— and remember flesh is grass.

#### GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,

Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;

Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,

Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;

Line 84. *Pro molli viola, pro purpureo Narcisso  
Carduus, & spinis surgit Paliurus acutis.* Virg.

90. *Et tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite Carmen*

93. *Tale tuum Carmen nobis, Divine Poeta,  
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per astum  
Dulcis aqua saliente sitim restringere rivo.*

*Nos tamen hac quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim  
Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra.* Virg.

96. *Κρίνον μέλι πομένω τὸν ἀνέμεν ὃ μὲν λείπει.*

Theo

Y



# The D I R G E.

33

Let *Blouzelinda*'s name shall tune my lay.

Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When *Blouzelind* expir'd, the weather's bell  
before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell; 100

The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,

And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;

The boding raven on her cottage sat,

And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;

The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred, 105

Drop'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;

Warm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,

Which erst I saw when goody *Dobson* dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,

While on her darling's bed her mother sat! 110

These Words the dying *Blouzelinda* spoke,

And of the dead let none the will revoke.

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,

And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed,

Let these my sister's care — and ev'ry morn 115

Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;

The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,

Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.

Let e'er I die — see, Mother, yonder-shelf,

Where secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120

Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,

Ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.

The rest is yours — My spinning wheel and rake,

Let *Susan* keep for her dear sister's sake;

My new straw hat that's trimly lin'd with green,

Let *Peggy* wear, for she's a damsel clean. 126

My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,

Let *Grubbinol*'s — this silver ring beside:

Three silver pennies, and a ninepence bent,

As token kind, to *Bumkinet* is sent. 130

Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,

And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near,

Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.

E

Sprigg'd

# 34 FIFTH PASTORAL.

Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,  
 While dismally the parson walk'd before.  
 Upon her grave their rosemary they threw,  
 The daisie, butter-flow'r and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,  
 That none could tell whose turn wou'd be the next;  
 He said, that heav'n wou'd take her soul no doubt,  
 And spoke the hour-glass in her praise — quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,  
 O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.  
 With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,  
 To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,  
 Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,  
 For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,  
 To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm;

For gaffer *Treadwell* told us by the by,  
 Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,  
 Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;  
 While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,  
 Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;  
 While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,  
 So long shall swains tell *Blouzelinda's* praise.

Thus wail'd the louts, in melancholy strain,  
 'Till bonny *Susan* sped a-cross the plain;  
 They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,  
 And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;  
 In ale and kisses they forget their cares,  
 And *Susan Blouzelinda's* loss repairs.

Line

153. *Dum juga montis Aper, fluvios dum Piscis amabit  
 Dumque Thymo pascentur apes, dum rorē cicada,  
 Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*

Virg

SATURDAY



# SATURDAY;

## OR, THE FLIGHTS.

### BOWZYBEUS.



UBLIMER strains, O rustick muse,  
prepare;  
Forget a while the barn and dairy's  
care.

Thy homely voice to loftier num-  
bers raise,  
The drunkard's flights require so-  
norous lays;

With *Bowzybeus*' songs exalt thy verse,  
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse,

'Twas in the season when the reaper's toil  
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;  
Wide through the fields was seen a goodly rout,

Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about,  
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow  
Cut down the labours of the winter-plow.

To the near hedge young *Susan* steps aside;  
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd:

E 2

What-

# 36 SIXTH PASTORAL.

What-e'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,  
And merry reapers, what they list, will ween.  
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill  
That eccho answer'd from the distant hill:  
The youths and damsels ran to *Susan's* aid,  
Who thought some adder had the last dismay'd.

When fast asleep they *Bowzybeus* spy'd,  
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside:  
That *Bowzybeus* who could sweetly sing,  
Or with the rozin'd bow torment the string;  
That *Bowzybeus* who with fingers speed,  
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;  
That *Bowzybeus* who with jocund tongue,  
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung.

They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,  
And in disport surround the drunken wight.  
Ah *Bowzybee*, why didst thou stay so long,  
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong  
Thou should'st have left the fair before 'twas night,  
But thou sat'st toying 'till the morning light.

*Cic'ly*, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,  
And kiss'd with smacking lips the snoring lout.  
For custom says, Who-e'er this venture proves,  
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.  
By her example *Dorcas* bolder grows,  
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.  
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke,  
The sneering swains with flamm'ring speech bespoke:  
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carrols o'er,  
As for the maids, — I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,  
But lads and lasses round about him throng.

Line

22. *Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant.* Virg.  
40 *Sanguineis frontem Moris & Tempora pingit.* Virg.  
43. *Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis,*  
*Huic aliud Mercedis erit,* Virg.  
N



# The FLIGHTS.

37

Not ballad-finger plac'd above the croud  
 sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,  
 Nor parish clerk who calls the psalms so clear,  
 Like *Bowzybeus* soothes th' attentive ear. 50  
 Of nature's laws his carrols first begun,  
 Why the grave owl can never face the sun ;  
 For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,  
 And only sing and seek their prey by night.  
 How turnips hide their swelling heads below, 55  
 And how the closing coleworts upwards grow ;  
 How *Will-a-wisp* misleads night-faring clowns,  
 Over hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs:  
 Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,  
 And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail. 60  
 He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,  
 And in what climates they renew their breed ;  
 Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,  
 Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.  
 Where swallows in the winter's season keep, 65  
 And how the drowsie bat and dormouse sleep.  
 How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,  
 Till the bright sun hath nine times set and rose.  
 For huntsmen by their long experience find,  
 That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind. 70  
 Now he goes on and sings of fairs and shows,  
 Or still new fairs before his eyes arose.  
 How pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,  
 The various fairings of the country maid.

line 47. *Nec tantum Phæbo grudet Parnasia rupes  
 Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphea.*

Virg.

Our swain had probably read Tusser, from whence  
 he might have collected those philosophical Obser-  
 vations.

*Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.*

Virg.

Long

Long filken laces hang upon the twine,  
 And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine ;  
 How the tight lads, knives, combs and scissars spy,  
 And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.  
 Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,  
 Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold.  
 The lads and lasses trudge the street along,  
 And all the fair is crouded in his song.  
 The mountebank now treads the stage and sells,  
 His pills, his balsams, and his ague spells ;  
 Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,  
 And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings ;  
 Jack-pudding in his parti-coloured jacket,  
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.  
 Of raree-shows he sung, and *Punch's* feats,  
 Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung the *Children* in the wood :  
 Ah barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood !  
 How blackberrys they pluck'd in desarts wild,  
 And fearless at the glitt'ring faulchion smil'd :  
 Their little corps the robin-red-breast found,  
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.  
 Ah gentle birds ! if this verse lasts so long,  
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom *Jean* he sung the doubtful strife,  
 How the sly sailer made the maid a wife.  
 To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell  
 What woeful wars in *Chevy-chase* befell,  
 When *Piercy* drove the dear with hound and horn,  
 Wars to be wept by children yet unborn !  
 Ah *With'rington*, more years thy life had crown'd,  
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound !

Line 97. *Fortunati ambo, si quid mea Carmina possunt  
 Nulla Dies unquam memori vos eximet a vo.* V

99. A song in the comedy of *Love for Love*, beginn  
 A soldier and a sailor, &c.

et shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,  
 future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.  
 All in the land of *Essex* next he chaunts,  
 how to seek mares starch *Quakers* turn gallants; 110  
 how the grave brother stood on bank so green:  
 happy for him if mares had never been!  
 when he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,  
 and on a sudden sung the hundredth *Psalms*.  
 he sung of *Taffey-Welsh*, and *Sawney-Scot*, 115  
 ally-bullero and the *Irish Trot*,  
 why should I tell of *Bateman* or of *Shore*,  
*Wantley's* dragon slain by valiant *Moore*,  
 the bow'r of *Rosamond*, or *Robin Hood*, 119  
 and how the grass now grows where *Troytown* stood?  
 His carrols ceas'd: The list'ning maids and swains  
 came still to hear some soft imperfect strains.  
 when he rose; and as he reels along,  
 his kisses sweet should well reward his song.  
 the damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown 125  
 gain upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;  
 the pow'r that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,  
 all ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

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- e 109. *A song of Sir J. Denham's. See his poems.*  
 112. *Et fortunatum si nunquam Armenta fuissent*  
*Pasiphaen.* Virg.  
 117. *Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c.* Virg.  
 117. *Old English Ballads.*



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